The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1872. NO. 17.

Under my Window.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together;
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe
I catch them all together;
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
Maud with her mantle of silver green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes,
While Maud she flouts and Bell she flouts
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes nought amiss
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss
And brings to me all my roses.

Spare the Insect.

O TURN that little foot aside,
Nor crush beneath its tread,
The smallest insect of the earth
That looks to God for bread.

My child, begin in little things
To act the gentle part
For God will turn his love away
From every cruel heart.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT would be hard to tell which was most overjoyed at this unexpected meeting—the father or the son.

If the boys had suffered in their lonely wanderings, the parents had not suffered less in their anxiety.

They had been seeking for them diligently through all the days since they left home.

Mr. Jenks had been in Boston and searched the city through. They had made enquiries in all the cities and towns where it was thought possible for them to be, and advertisements had been put in the papers.

Now, as a last resort, Mr. Dennis had made the journey to New York, hoping that possibly he might get some trace of the missing ones here.

A few words explained all to him. He was in no mood to increase Alf's unhappiness by fault-finding and blame.

He had found his child, alive and well, and he determined to let the past go.

"But John," he said, "he is suffering, we must go to him at once."

Alf was more than ready for this proposal, for his heart misgave him when he thought what the anxiety on his account might have done for his poor sick friend.

There was no time lost in getting to him. Mr. Dennis took a carriage from the depot, ordered the driver to go to St. Luke's Hospital, and in a few moments they were set down at the door.

The hospital was just open for the day; and though the hour for admitting visitors had not yet arrived, they made an exception in this case, hoping that in allowing Alf to see his friend, a change for the better might be brought about in him.

He had passed a dreadful night. His anxiety for Alf added to his homesickness had so excited the nervous condition in which Alf had left him the day before that he had passed into the delirium of fever, and was thought by the hospital attendants to be in a very dangerous condition.

The doctor said to Alf "You are to come up to him, and strive in all gentle soothing ways to quiet and satisfy him. But on *no* account, either by word or look are you to show emotion, or indicate the fears we feel for him.

Alf promised to control himself, and the doctor led the way to John's bedside.

Alf went at once to the bed and took John's hand in his. The sick boy was lying with his eyes closed, and he seemed not at first to notice that any new persons were near him. His lips moved, and he said feebly,—

"Oh Alf, Alf, come back to me."

"I am here, John," Alt said gently.

John opened his eyes at the sound of the voice, and looked around him, but there was no recognition in the look.

"Father has come too," said Alf. "And we are going home with him."

The word *home* seemed to fall on John's ears with a familiar sound.

"Home, home," he said; and there was touching tenderness in his tones as he uttered these words.

"Yes, John, we are going home again," Alf replied.

"And will Heaven let us in?" said John. "We have not been good enough to deserve that home."

"Oh, I was not speaking of heaven, John, I mean our own dear earthly home, away among the hills. Don't you remember it?"

"Who talks about my home among the hills? That home is lost," said John.

"Oh no, it is not lost, John. Father has come to take us to it. Doh't you see him?"

John looked around him at all the faces, but still there was no look of recognition in his eye. Again he went back to his first anxious question.

"Oh, Alf, Alf, why do you not come back to me?" And this he repeated through all the hours of that dreadful day. Sometimes he would grow violent and cry out,—

"I *must* go for him. I *will* go for him. Some dreadful thing has happened, or he would come to me."

In these times of raving it took two or three strong men to hold the fragile boy on his bed.

"I must, I will go to him." These words and these struggles to make them good, he would continue until he was entirely exhausted. When this time came, he would sink back shuddering and sobbing on his pillow and lie as if he were dead, so white and motionless.

Alf's agony cannot be described. All through the day he stood by the bedside, forgetting his own weariness and pain, thinking of nothing but of John. He would have given everything that he had if he could have brought life back to his dying friend. But the time for earthly help was past. John's work on earth was done. He was to find *home* no more until he found it with the angels—the home from which he would never wander.

Towards night he grew calmer. The delirium had passed. But he was too weak to rally. After he ceased to rave he slept, and they watched beside him almost breathlessly anxious for the result of this slumber. At length he opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Am I in heaven?" he asked.

"No, John," said Alf, trying to choke down his sobs.

"Won't they let me in?" whispered the sick boy.

"Oh yes, they would let you in if it were time for you to go into heaven. But we cannot spare you, we want you on the earth a little longer, John."

"I cannot stay. It is too cold here. And I am so lonely when I am lost."

"But we are not lost now, dear John. We are found, and shall soon be taken home again."

"I cannot wait," says John. "I must go to heaven *now*, if God will forgive me the wrong I have done, and take me home to Him."

"He will forgive you, John, I am sure; for He is a loving God," said Alf.

"I know He is. But it is a great wrong for one so young as I, who had so much to do in this world, to have thrown away life by their own rashness, as I have done."

"Oh, do not say so, John. You were saving another's life when you lost yours."

"It was not in the act of saving that life that mine was lost. I had spent my strength in wayward wanderings, and God would not let me live past that good deed."

Alf was sobbing so that he could make no reply.

"Where is mother?" said John.

"She is is not here," said Mr. Dennis. "But if you wish her we will send for her."

"It is too late, now," said John. "If she is not here I cannot stay till she could come. Tell her and father that I thought of them lovingly at the last; and I was *sorry*, *very sorry* that I had grieved them so."

Alf clung to him fondly and said,—

"Oh, John, you musn't, musn't die. How can I bear it; to think that I brought you away from home for this?"

"Do not blame yourself, Alf. You were not more to blame than I. We were foolish and mistaken, but the end has come for me. I shall never make any more mistakes in this world. *You* must live well enough to wear out the memory of this folly, and by your goodness atone for *our* wrong, and make the world forgive us both.

I am going now. Kiss me, Alf" When he had said good-bye to all that were about his bed, and thanked the strangers that had done so much for him in his sickness, he closed his eyes quietly, as if he were going to sleep. After a moment he opened them once more and said,—

"Give my love to all that love me. I am very happy. God loves me,—and all—"

These last words were uttered with difficulty, but an inexpressible smile upon his face said more than lips. He was going out with the joy of the great Revelation, which the angels make to the dying, when they seal the truth with *knowledge* which they have partially revealed by *faith* through all the years of man's stay upon the earth.

And now the remainder of my story is told in a few words.

The Sunday morning had dawned when John's spirit took its flight. Alf stood at the bedside and saw the first sun's rays fall upon the dead face. Then and there he seemed to receive a commission from on high, and to feel the responsibility of two lives resting upon him.

Two souls had erred. The one went out washed with a quick forgiveness; while the other waited to atone, in time, by the long endeavor and the patient struggle. He took his burden up and bore it well.

On Monday a sad journey took the father and son to their native town. With them they bore the lifeless body that had gone out from there so few days before full of life and hope. But they also bore chastened hearts; and Alf, a deep fixed purpose, which experience had planted and rooted within him.

There was one more life in heaven, and one more deep rich life on earth; for "ONLY A WEEK" had transformed two souls from weakness unto strength. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

What the Sunday School Does.

There is no greater work, no work more blessed for the world and acceptable to God, than that of the faithful Sabbath-School teacher. One who has devoted a long life to this work in the West lately made a public statement of what follows. We copy it for the encouragement of all who love to work for the Christian instruction of our youth in the Sabbath School.

"An intelligent merchant said to me, with emotion that almost choked his utterance: 'I believe that I have been more blessed than any man in Illinois. Myself and wife and five children are all members of the same church, all sit down at the same communion table of our common Lord, all sing in the same choir, all teach in the same Sabbath School, and all take turns in leading the devotions of the family circle. I believe if there is a heaven upon earth, we have it.' After a pause, occasioned by his emotions, he added: 'We owe this happy state of things under God chiefly to the Sabbath School.' I was present at an examination where nineteen young persons, their ages ranging from fifteen to twenty years, were received into the church: and thirteen of them named the Sunday School as the instrumentality through which they had received their first religious impressions. One spoke of a faithful teacher; another of an address by the superintendent; and another of a little Sunday-School book. A considerable proportion of these persons had never received religtous instruction at home.

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth and courage.

For the Myrtle.

The Frolic.

You've upset the basket,
You frolicsome thing,
And spools, scissors, thimble,
Crotchets needles, string,
Are rolling about.
If we don't look out,
Sister Jane will be here,
And then Kitty dear,
You'll have such a talking
And box on the ear,
And I such a scolding
For bringing you here,
That both of us, Kitty,
Will think it's a pity
That for frolic and play
We've been naughty to-day.

So Kitty, my darling,
My sweet little pet,
I'll pick up the basket,
And Jane needn't fret,
For scissors and string,
And every thing,
Shall be all neat and nice,
And then in a trice,
We'll go to your mother,
Who'll tell, I dare say
As my mother tells me,
It is wrong e'en in play
To meddle or teaze
So with one little squeeze
I'll take you from here
O Kitty, my dear.

N. T. M.

—o-o-o—

Doing God's Work.

Little children may often think that God is so great that he can carry on all his work without asking any of his children to do any part of it. But he would have his children take a part in his work, he would have them workers together with him. God delights in doing good—in dispersing his blessings. He would have his children, even the humblest and smallest of them, enjoy this same pleasure. Here is an illustration which gives us a true view of the subject.

A little girl seeing the servant throw crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that he gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this, she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table, and threw them under the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support.

How beautiful it was to see this little girl trying "to help God," as she said, and thus early learning to be kind to the helpless of God's creatures.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, haply thereaftar to fringe with beauty some barren mountain-side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

Footprints.

ANNA Hawthorn s work was not yet done. Prints of muddy boots were upon the broad step; and her mistress could never tolerate such a sight.

"You know, Anna, that it's a part of your work to keep the step clean," said the woman kindly.

"Yes, ma'am,' was the reply. "But I've had it well scoured once to-day."

"I know it, child; and I know your boots didn't make these tracks; but they're here all the same, and we must be rid of them. It's the way we've often to do all through our lives. Somebody else makes a mistake, or does wrong, and leaves a muddy track where everything ought to be clean; then, you see, we must rub it out, if we can."

"Yes, ma'am. But Master Brown might be more careful."

"True, child; and he ought to be; but we're obliged to take things as they come, and make the best of them. Yesterday I mended a torn frock; and the frock was not mine; you remember that."

"Yes, ma'am."

This reply was given a little impatiently; for Anna had a visit in prospect, and was eager to reach the oak-grove, beyond which was the home of her young friend.

Bees were humming among the flowers, leaving their hive only to return honey-laden; the climbing rose was aglow with bud and bloom; while the leafy vine shading the low porch was fresh and green, without stain or blight; the brick walk was smoothly laid, and scrupulously clean; only these footprints to mar the cottage-scene, and these could be easily removed.

Anna had her brush in hand as she listened to her mistress, and presently was so much interested, that she quite forgot her impatience.

"It's a happy thing for us all, my child, when the bad marks we make by our sins and our ignorance can be rubbed out," said the good woman. "But it's not always this can be done. I mind me, now, of many things that I did when I was young that made tracks worse than these made by Master Brown's muddy boots."

"Where were they?" asked Anna earnestly.

"On my heart, child," was the response. "I think, sometimes, I've covered them up so I'll never see them or think of them again; but I find I'm mistaken. Ah, Anna! if children and young people knew how they'll dread the sight of the dirty footprints made by sin, they'd walk softly all their lives, and never let their feet touch the waters of pollution. Learn a lesson, child, and you'll not be sorry that I kept you from your pleasure while I preached my little sermon."

Well Spring.

Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, or a profane word.

Baby Addie.

Bless you little baby blue-eyes,
White and pure as any snow-flake,
An angel sure in mortal guise,
Bless you, darling little namesake.

Would I could reach you, baby, now,
Could see you, birdling, in your nest,
Could kiss your cheeks, and lips and brow,
And fold you closely to my breast.

I'd joy to see those soul-lit eyes,
Those glorious eyes so bonnie blue,
Light up with sudden, glad surprise,
Or droop like violets wet with dew.

I'd watch the shadowy dimples play,
Rippling little waves of light,
Where smiles but play bo-peep all day,
And roguish, hide away at night.

And those red lips that kisses woo,
With cooings soft as summer rain,
Parted lips, like roses cleft in two,
Sweet lips, ye should not woo in vain.

Household pet! Queen of baby-land,
You so tiny, yet so great,
I sue to touch your royal hand,
And on your sovereign pleasure wait.

A castle by yourself you own,
And hold it all in state so grand,
For baby's cradle is her throne,
And love's strong spell her magic wand.

Within your realm all hearts you claim,
Ruling by might of your sweet will:
E'en grandpa yields to baby's reign,
Nor fails to own her queenship still.

Be always pure dear child as now,
The white robes of innocence still wear;
Let virtue's crown rest on your brow,
And you shall grow each day more fair.

Love all that's beautiful and true,
And early walk in wisdom's ways,
Keeping her pleasant paths in view,
Through all of life's fair opening days.

And while I would wish for you here,
The best of all that earth can give,
Its tenderest loves, its friendships dear,
And lasting pleasures while you live—

Yet still, I fain for more would ask,
God bless and keep you, dear, I pray,
In Jesus' love may you e'er bask,
And all good angels guide your way.

So I bless you, baby blue-eyes,
White and pure as any snow-flake;
So I love you, baby blue-eyes;
Love you, darling little namesake.

The Bright Side.

Right actions for the future are the best explanations or apologies for wrong ones in the past; the best evidence of regret for them that we can offer or the world receive.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

The society at Calais had a festival which netted $75 for the Sunday School. At Biddeford forty children were baptized June 30.

OHIO

A Church and Sunday School are about to be organized in Roxabelle.

KANSAS.

During the past year there has been a Church and Sunday School organized in Luesa. A festival netted $250, and a Sunday-School exhibition and railroad excursion on July 4th added $125 to the library fund.

CONNECTICUT.

The Sunday School at Charwick closed its series of Spring and Summer concerts last Sunday evening. The Church was crowded as usual. A very pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of two beautiful English pictures as prises to two classes which have made the largest contributions to the treasury during the last six months. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer show that the society is in a flourishing condition. The attendance never better; they have no debts, but money in the treasury.

CANADA EAST.

A Sunday School was organized in connection with the Universalist Parish in Huntingville, Canada East, on the third Sunday in April. It begins well; has good officers, a fair supply of question books, and about forty-five dollars' worth of library books, but needs and ought to have a more extensive collection of reading books for the children. Let our generous givers in the larger and more prosperous Schools remember this, and aid this new School in the gift of library books which have been read and laid aside. The Huntingville parish is a good one. Rev. C. P. Mallory is its pastor.

Why Christ Came.

Christ came into our world because of the sinfulness of men; because men were not living in obedience to God and thus securing their own happiness. If all men had been righteous, holy, obedient to God, there would have been no need of Christ's coming into the world. It was to cure men of the evil of sin that this holy messenger came from heaven. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, "That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." It is because the world is wicked that it is so much in need of Christ. The more wicked it is, the more does it need his heavenly influence, and the more interest will he take in the work of its salvation. Let us not be discouraged because we think the world is so very wicked. This is why the gospel has come into it, to call men to Christ and to make them like him. Let us all have a heart and hand in this great and glorious work.

If You Please.

Boys, do you ever think how much real courtesy will do for you? Some of the greatest men were ever cautious in this respect. When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. That is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk remember "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words:—"If you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear."

A Good Example.

Men of business are often invited to come into the Sabbath School, and give it their attention of active sympathy. They frequently excuse themselves from so doing on account of their many and constant business engagements. But some of the best teachers we have in our Sabbath Schools are men of active business, and we need more of them. We have just read of the instance of one of the most industrious business men in the land, Mr. Jay Cooke. He does some of his best work on Sunday. Here is an account of it. "Every Sunday, at nine o'clock, before attending morning service, he conducts a Bible-class in a building a little removed from the church. The class consists of about seventy-five members, having various denominational preferences, their ages ranging from sixteen to sixty years. The lecture method has been adopted, as being in this particular case best adapted to the class and most generally acceptable to its members. We predict that this work will pay the capitalist a better dividend than the most fortunate class of stocks in market."

THE *Star* has the following good editorial words concerning the opportunity for establishing new Sunday Schools and reviving others, so carrying forward the great Sunday-School work. We say amen to every word of it: "The time for reviving suspended Sunday Schools, and the organization of new ones, is nearly at hand. Let our friends in every locality act promptly in this direction. The present offeres large opportunities for the spread of Universalism, and there is no more effective method of work, than is offered by Sunday Schools. Do not wait for a preacher to do the work, but gather the children, young people and old folks together, and spend a part of every Sunday in the united study of the truth. We hope to have the privilege of recording the beginning of many new Schools the coming season."

HERE are some good words for Sunday-School teachers from Rev. Mr. Spurgeon of London. They will apply to the teachers of all Sunday Schools: "The new-born lamb needs mostly warmth. It wants food, but the chief wan is warmth. Our children want doctrine—it is a very great pity when children are not grounded in the elementary doctrine, of our faith; but, beyond all these, they want love. The main want of the new-born believer—child, or man, or woman—is, they want love. . . . Carry the child into the truth, but always remember it is in the bosom of love. There are some who teach in a heartless, catechism sort of way, trying to make them understand the truth as by moonlight—carrying the lambs with a pair of tongs."

Life of our Saviour.

LESSON CI.

JESUS FORETELLS THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

"My words cannot pass away."

SCRIPTURE, — Math. xxiv. 9–51; Mark xiii, 9–37; Luke xxi, 9–36.

Question. — What would be done to the apostles as the end of the Jewish institutions drew near?

Answer. — Math. xxiv, 9.

Q. — What would those who were once their friends do to them?

A. — Math. xxiv, 10.

NOTE. The betrayal of Jesus by Judas was part of the fulfilment of this prediction.

Q. — What should arise in those days?

A. — Math. xxiv. 11.

NOTE. The prophets would predict avorable things of the Jewish nation, and lead the people to believe in peace and prosperity, when destruction was coming for their sins.

Q. — What would result from their wickedness?

A. — Math. xxiv. 12.

Q. — What should be the reward of those who should remain faithful through all these troubles?

A. — Math. xxiv. 13.

Q. — What should be done before the end of the Jewish institutions should come?

A. — Math. xxiv. 14.

Q. — What were the followers of Christ to do when they should see Jerusalem encompassed by the Roman armies?

A. — Luke xxi. 20, 21.

Q. — Why were they to do this?

A. — Luke xxi. 22.

Q. — Were they to flee without delay?

A. — Math. xxiv. 17, 18.

Q. — When were they to pray that their flight might not be?

A. — Math. xxiv. 20.

Q. — How great would the tribulation be?

A. — Math. xxiv. 21.

Q. — What should happen after these tribulations?

A. — Math. xxiv. 29.

NOTE. As the Jews were familiar with the story ot the creation, they drew poetic imagery from it. And when any great calamity befel the nation, they spoke of it as a falling into chaos again. So Christ speaks of the end of the Jewish state as a relapse into chaos. But of that chaos he will create a new spiritua heaven and earth.

Q. — What sign should appear at this time of spiritual chaos?

A. — Math. xxiv. 30.

NOTE. He would come with power to create a new heaven and earth, spiritually.

Q. — How soons hould these things happen?

A. — Math. xxiv. 34.

Q. — What should persons be doing up to the moment that these tribulations would come?

A. — Math. xxiv. 36–41.

Q. — What would be done to the followers of Christ at this time?

A. — Luke xxi. 12.

Q. — What would kindred do to one another?

A. — Luke xxi. 16.

Q. — What were the followers of Christ to do?

A. — Luke xxi. 19.

NOTE. The passing away of the Jewish state with all its institutions was one of the greatest events of the world, especially as Jesus came to supplant them by a worship and knowledge and love of God that should not be for one nation but for the whole world. The Jewish religion was for one nation, but the Christian religion of which the Jewish was the forerunner and for which it prepared the way, was for all the families and kindreds and nations of the earth.

Answers.

August 17. No. 1. Timothy, Hosea, Elijah, Lydia, Iconium, Luben, Lystra, Image of God, Eneas, Saul, Obadiah, Follow me, Thomas, Hannah, Eutychus, Followed Jesus, Issacher, Eli, Levi, Dorcas. — The Lilies of the Field.

No. 2. Jephathah, Othniel, Sampson, Elijah, Philip, Hallelujah. — Joseph.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"

37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.